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THE LURE OF LIFE.

I long to be with Nature,
To be her bosom friend,
To share her secret passions
From now until the end.

'Tis vain, this rushing life of ours
Of vanity and sin,
The jealous strife of human life,
The sorrow, pain and din.

Oh! for a quiet little nook
On Nature's ample breast,
Beside a shaded dimpling stream
For one long span of rest.

But, if I had, the lure of life
Too urgent to ignore,
Again would bring me back to face
Life's vagaries once more.

Why can we ne'er contented be,
Keep wishing on in vain,
And still to life must aye come back
And do our part again.

Alice Ann Grant.

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RISE TO ACTION.

Rise, companions, rise to action,
Who would stop and linger now?
Is it fitting that the British
To a foreign yoke should bow?

Now, is when your country needs you,
They who hesitate are lost,
Fight with all the strength you've in you,
We must win whate'er the cost.

We must win for fate of loved ones
Lies within our hands to-day,
'Tis from us they seek protection,
'Tis to us they look and pray.

Will we fail them when they need us?
No, we're British to the core,
Pleasing God we'll win the battle
As our fathers did before.

Now, now is the crucial instant,
Fight with vengeance, when you can,
Fight with grim determination,
Fight for Britain, be a man.

Alice Ann Grant

DREAMING.

I sit and gaze at the embers
By a fire that I have-alone-
And long for a soul that loves me ,
And loved ones of my own.
I dream and my thoughts go floating
Away to other scenes,
But I alone ,am dreaming
Of all those might-have-beens.
For those who might be dreaming
Of what can never be,
Have passed the vale of changes
And met eternity.

Alice Ann Grant.

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December 12th, 1919

Miss Grant,
Prince Arthur Avenue,
Toronto.

Dear Miss Grant:

I have sent your letter to me with its quotation and one or two of your poems to Canon Scott, and if I hear anything from him with regard to it I will let you know.

With kind regards, I am,
Yours sincerely,

President.